# MUSIC OF THE SUMMER TIME

*NOTHING SERIOUS IS ACCEPTED IN THE WARM WEATHER.*

**The Period of Intellectual and Æsthetic Relaxation—Brahms and Bach Put in Cold Storage — The Brass Band and the Popular Melody.**

Summer! The season of relaxation, mental, physical and (alas!) too often moral. Will the summer girl bear the analysis of the stern Cato of public manners? But that is another story. With the summer girl, except in "Tannhäuser" or "Mignon," the musical department has naught to do. Not even the intellectual scalpel of Nordau shall lay bare the secrets of that part of her organism which corresponds to the heart. Nordau may penetrate the gizzard of a Wagner, but he shall not move the musical department to consideration of the summer girl. But summer! The season of relaxation, as aforesaid—that is an all inclusive matter.

"What, shall there be no more cakes and ale?" Or shall all summer play be spiced with ginger hot i' the mouth? Hardly that; for is it not known of men, aye, and of women, too, that summer is the silly season? Else why should we call it a period of relaxation? But come; let us cease to wonder and to question. Let us assert ourselves, for the interrogation points are running low in the font.

> Even in the spring and play time of the year,
> That calls the unwonted villager abroad
> With all her little ones, a sportive train,
> To gather kingcups in the yellow mead,
> And prink their hair with daisies, or to pick
> A cheap, but wholesome, salad from the brook. —

Even in that celestial period when woman bursts into new glory in her blossoms and filme, and man, quarrelsome man, may "fall out with a tailor for wearing his new doublet before Easter" the silliness of summer casts its shadow before. Farces of whipped cream and powdered sugar come to take the place of comedies of "contemporaneous human interest" in the playhouses, young persons of immature judgment and small experience assail the shrine of Shakespeare's imagination in "Romeo and Juliet," violinists who have met with much approval in Oklahoma suddenly appear in Mendelssohn Hall, and young women with voices like the chirping of the untimely bluebird offer song recitals.

But summer, real summer, is come when the summer night's dream of orchestral concerts breaks upon the vision of the town. For weeks past the waste places of this vast desert called New York have been fruitful in flaming proclamations of the concerts of the only Mr. Duss. These concerts begin to-night somewhere in the Madison Square Garden. What shall there be seen and heard will be recounted appropriately when to-morrow makes history of to-day. If Duss succeeds in giving a summer night concert which is either fish or flesh he will be awarded his full beaker of sparkling praise.

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The reader will not have to possess powers of divination to discover a note of doubt in what has been said. That note sounds because this writer, like Daniel Webster, knows no way of judging the future except by the past. The records of days now gone do not encourage beautiful hopes of high art in summer concerts. In fact, there is some reason why summer music in these degenerate days does not seem to appeal forcibly to the gadding populace. When that statement is made the man with a reminiscent mind always says: "I don't see why. The Thomas concerts in Central Park Garden were one of the institutions of the town."

Well, they were while they lasted; but they came to an end. The public lost interest in them, just as it afterward did in Theodore Thomas himself. It let him go to Chicago and the concerts to "oblivious Lethe." The good Anton Seidl tried summer concerts at Brighton Beach, where he had the support of a railway company and a glorious company of good women; but the ant meanders peacefully where eke the vermicular music of Liszt unfolded its undulating coils, and the hollow reverberations of ocean's breakers sound where once the plaintive groans of Wagnerian tubas brought tears to the eyes of gentle maidens reared in the virtuous seclusion of Brooklyn.

Long-haired, pale-faced, patient Henry Schmidt conducted summer concerts on the roof of the Madison Square Garden, and a faithful few gathered to listen. But the few dwindled away till at last the chief listeners were those who lolled from their windows across the street and gave no revenues to the shrinking cause. Franz Kaltenborn gave summer concerts in the St. Nicholas Garden, and the eye was gladdened with a vision of great crowds, drinking in beer and music and passing the peaceful hours in moist content. But those who acquired information not given to the world at large learned that a substantial subscription, or guarantee fund, had aided in carrying those concerts through their term of existence, and that at its end no profit could be found. Mr. Kaltenborn gave summer concerts again last year at the Circle Music Hall, but he has made no announcement for the summer now at hand.

So these projects have come and gone, and, parting, "left not a wrack behind." Most of them have left pain and sorrow, for their paths have not been paths of pleasantness, and disappointment has followed them all their days. Is there a fixed and impalpable limit within which divine music must confine herself? Is there a great invisible gulf between winter and summer which she may not cross? Surely it seems as if there were. The records of the dying years, at any rate, show in no uncertain manner that this town will not take music seriously in the summer.

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About the middle of April a curious falling off in the character of the musical entertainment of the town may be noticed. The final orchestral concerts are given and the chamber music organizations make their farewell bows. Bach is carefully wrapped up in cotton batting and laid away among the mothballs and camphor till the cold weather comes again. Schubert and Schumann are sent away into the seclusion of a cold storage establishment, and Handel, Haydn and Brahms are laid side by side in sandal-wood boxes.

The andante of Beethoven's fifth symphony, a few slices of Chopin and a plenty of highly spiced Wagner, Liszt and Tschaikowsky are kept out for summer use. For even a brass band braying on a common can make its way through the pilgrim's Chorus from "Tannhäuser" or the fardarting "1812" overture. These are things which even the most unmusical enjoy, whereas Mozart and the prophets are caviare to the general. Judiciously mingled with a little "popular" music, the works of the impressionistic school of musicians may linger through the summer season.

The orchestral stars having faded from the firmament, and taken with them the chamber music nebulæ, the dawn of the silly summer season begins with a few scattered recitals. Violinists who have been in hiding in far distant corners of Europe or Asia suddenly pop into sight and perform their feats before large audiences of enthusiasts from the highways and byways. Young singers possessed of "phenomenal" voices, about to go abroad and study for "grand" opera, appear and strut their brief moments on the platform, while indulgent friends listen with outward composure to their devastations of "Sweet Bird" and "Du bist die Ruh." Last, but not Liszt, comes the pianist, "sighing like furnace, with Chopin ballade made to his George Sand's eyebrow." And so he plays his part. So they all play their parts, till the disinterested spectator recalls the song of the melancholy Jacques and his comment thereon:

> "If it do come to pass
> That any man turn ass,
> Leaving his wealth and ease,
> A stubborn will to please,
> Ducdame, ducdame, ducdame:
> Here shall he see
> Gross fools as he,
> An' he will come to me.

Amiens—What's that ducdame?

Jacques—"Tis a Greek invocation to call fools into a circle. I'll go sleep if I can; if I cannot, I'll rail against all the first-born of Egypt.

This is the very deathbed of the musical season. For a brief time there is a silence, broken only by the muffled piping of the so-called "comic opera" shows along Broadway—shows in which only such music as theatrical managers can comprehend is allowed a hearing. And then, when the warn weather is fairly started, enter the summer concert. It is a poor thing, but it has always been our own. There is nothing new about it. Perhaps it is a little better now than it used to be. Here, for example, is the record of a writer in the *Boston Courier* of 1858:

"The concert on the Common Friday afternoon, under the direction of Mr. B. A. Burditt, was attended by probably as many as 20,000 people. The Brigade, Brass, Germania and Metropolitan bands, numbering seventy-two performers, furnished the music in concert. They occupied a temporary platform between the two hills, the people occupying the sid s of the hills and a large port on of the tract between the hils. The platform was decorated w th the American, English, French and other nationa flags. The programme commenced with "Yankee Doodle," with cannon accompaniment, the guns of the Light Artillery furnishing the sounds explosive.

"The effect of the guns was novel rather than harmonious. The cannon is a brass instrument wh ch is hardly yet needed in orchestras. We have heard John Phoenix, alias Squ'bob, tell of 'the soft note of the pistol,' but we never heard any one tell of delicious warblings from the brass throat of a cannon. However, if the audience were pleased, and they appeared to be, we shall not complain. Novelty always excites interest. Thousands look up nightly at Donati's comet and reflect in awe upon the wonders of the heavens, but the g orious beauty of the sun, moon and stars has never excited them to any such feeling. But to recur to the concert. The selections of music comprised a variety of national and patriotic airs, which were frequently applauded by the immense audience. 'God Save the Queen' was played twice, with the assistance of Capt. Nims's Artillery and 'Hail Columbia' was played once."

Perhaps we do a little better than that with our indoor concerts in these days, but we have not advanced far beyond it in our park concerts. Ambitious band masters try it occasionally, but the outcries of an outraged populace, deprived of its cornet solo—"Holy City"—its "Melancholy March" and its potpourri of airs from Engländer's latest imitation of Millöcker's imitation of Suppe's imitation of Strauss, and forced to sit in solemn silence during the intonation of something by Saint-Saëns or even Rimsky-Korsakow—cannot go unheeded.

What becomes of all the real music lovers in the summer? There was a time when one might have thought that they were all rich folk and went to Europe or Newport, but the galleries of the opera and the parquet of the People's Symphony Concerts at Cooper Institute have obliterated that false impression. The truth seems to be that there is something in the very nature of summer which is inimical to the achievement of intellectual poses. There is a general slacking down of the mental rigging, and one becomes out of tune with the logic of nature. He desires ardently to escape the routine of rigorous thought, to run upon the beach and kick his mental as well as his physical heels in the ozone of salt breezes and to think a silent prayer that the devil may fly away with all human culture. The primeval savage gets partly the better of the centuries of veneer. The original Adam breaks through the crust of convention and clothes-philosophy.

It is no time for Brahms symphonies or Bach fugues. A Hungarian dance we can take, and when we are tired perhaps we may rest long enough to listen to Beethoven's melody in F. In the flaring of harsh lights at night and when we are flushed with beer, we may applaud the bacchanalian music from "Tannhäuser," but we do not desire too much of this sort of thing. We prefer the titillating measure of the seductive Offenbach or the lifting lilt of the Strauss waltz. With such cheering and comforting music, with beer and tobacco as accessories, much may be endured in the heated term by the few who care at all for melody. As E. T. W. Hoffmann wrote many years ago:

"Now, in the case of music, none but those miserable despisers of this noble art can deny that a successful composition—that is, such a one as keeps within due bounds and gives one sweet melody after another, without blustering or letting itself run into all sorts of ridiculous contrapuntal modulations and resolutions—affords a wondrously sweet delight under which thinking is absolutely needless, or, at all events no earnest thoughts arise, but only a delicious, ever-changing variety of the lightest and pleasantest, of which the person is hardly conscious of what they are all about. But we may go further and inquire: 'Is any one hindered, during the performance of music, from joining with his neighbor in conversation upon any and all subjects in the political or moral world, and thus reaping a double benefit in the most pleasing manner?' On the contrary, this is strongly to be advised, since music, as any one can see for himself in concerts and musical circles, renders conversation uncommonly easy. In the pauses of the music all is still, but when it begins again, begins also the stream of speech to rush and swell with the tones which come from the performers, ever more and more. Many a maiden, whose conversation usually is, according to the text, 'Yea, yea, and nay, nay,' passes during music into such as, according to the same text, is evil—though in this case it is evidently good, since by it a lover or even a husband, carried away by the sweetness of her seldom heard speech, falls into her snares. Heavens! how incomprehensible are the uses of good music!"

And yet—and yet—the history of all summer concert enterprises is the same. There seems to be no place or part for them in the system of New York's hot weather delights. If the amiable Mr. Duss succeeds in floating them on his artificial lake, he will establish a record for himself.

W. J. HENDERSON.

# NOW COME THE STAGE STRUCK

*NEW YORK'S ANNUAL INVASION BY WOULD-BE ACTRESSES.*

**Young Women With Dramatic Aspirations Arriving From All Over the Country —A Cold Welcome Awaits Them—Typical Experiences—Beauty vs. Genius.**

This is the season that brings to New York the dramatic aspirant. She arrives from every part of the country, confident that she is going to make a success that will place her at a bound alongside Maude Adams, Margaret Anglin or any old star who happens to have been in advance of her on the march to fame.

This is about the worst time of the year for the aspirant to arrive. Nearly all the managers she will want to see are in Europe. But it is a tradition that she should arrive at the end of May, and she does.

Probably the time of her arrival is not really important. She would not see the managers if they were here; so her descent on Broadway just at this season may not be so unpropitious as it seems. She comes from every city of the country. Sometimes she is beautiful. Nearly always she is young. Sometimes she is neither one nor the other, and then her case is almost unrelievedly pathetic.

Various motives impel her toward the Rialto. Most frequently she wants to earn her living. But that desire is not expressed in the simple mood that would possess her if she came here to work as a typewriter or a dressmaker. She is surcharged with the artistic temperament that is going to carry her high into the dramatic firmament.

She settles in a boarding house somewhere if she is poor—and she nearly always is—or she goes to visit friends in Harlem while she gets a place on the stage. Various causes may have turned her thoughts theatreward.

She may have acted in amateur theatricals and been declared a born actress by the press of her native city. Or she may have studied elocution at the high school and recited *Portia's* speech or the potion scene from "Romeo and Juliet" so wonderfully that everybody told her that she just must go on the stage as it would be shame not to with such talent as she had.

But the strongest reason of all for her becoming an actress is the fact that she is stage struck. That is the motive that starts nine out of every ten in the little army that moves on the light blocks of Broadway thronged with actors.

They are stout and dark-eyed, thin and green-eyed, with determined expressions about their mouths, bright-eyed and blonde, with the burr of the Middle West. They talk with the accents of New Orleans and Buffalo, the flat, broad a's of Virginia and the nasal twang of New England.

Every type and every style are represented in the ambitious throng that is going to conquer New York and place their names in the list of the great. Of course, they do nothing of the kind, but are fortunate to be inspired by the great hopes that enable them to expect so much. They need all the confidence they can summon.

Few of them have the temerity to come to New York without some kind of letter of introduction. Most frequently it is from the manager of the theatre in their native town.

The young woman arrives with her letter, and if the manager to whom it is addressed happens to be in town, and has very little to do just at that time, she may be received. But in nearly every case he will hand her over to one of his stage managers.

The warmth of her reception will, of course depend on the extent to which the writer is acquainted with the manager. Even this element will make less difference than one might expect. So many letters of introduction come from so many different quarters that managers are, in a way, indifferent to all of them.

"What experience have you had?" the stage manager will ask, with a glassy eye, as he stares at the young woman.

It might be added that the glassiness of this eye will vary in accordance with the beauty of the applicant. If she is really handsome, the eyes will almost seem to be human in their expressiveness.

They may even be promising if she is tall, with regular features. But if she is plain, he will look at her with the bored air of a man just expecting the relief that is to rid him of a tiresome duty. It comes with her answer, as it may be supposed that this applicant is not a beauty.

"I've never acted except with amateur companies," she will say hesitatingly, "I've had a good deal of experience, though, in that way. And I've recited a great deal in public."

To her surprise the stage manager has not asked her for any specimen of her ability. She came prepared to recite at least "Lasca." But the stage manager is already preparing to open a letter he holds in his hand.

"I'm very sorry," he says, "that we haven't a vacant place in any of Mr. Smith's companies. He told me to do what I could for you, and I would like to. But, bless me, Mr. Smith has more people under contract now than he can possibly use next year. So I don't see anything that I could offer you.

"Then, it's a fixed rule of Mr. Smith's companies never to take any actors without experience. We never engage 'em here unless they've had at least a year or two on the stage.

"But I'll remember your name in the future. And you might leave your address with the office boy there. Good-by."

He has opened the letter and read his way half through it before she is out of sight.

It was really a waste of time for him to talk with her, even for that fifteen minutes. He saw in his own way of expressing it, that nothing was doing the minute he laid eyes on her.

If she had been really beautiful there might have been employment of some kind for her. Inexperience on the stage may readily be forgiven when it is allied with uncommon beauty. But plainness, although it be associated with genius, is in no demand.

"Why should I engage a homely or an ordinary-looking girl," one of the stage managers asked a SUN reporter, "when there is always beauty in the market? The homely girl may turn out to be a great genius some day. If she does, I prefer to take my chances of engaging her then.

"The pretty girl has one asset right away; she's something to look at and worth trying on for that reason. And she's just as likely to develop talent as the ugly one."

This unfortunate encounter with the stage manager deprives the young woman of the only influence she had. The letter to the manager was her only document. After the interview, she goes back to the boarding house to have a good cry and settle on her next plan.

Probably before she left the stage manager he advised her to go to a school of acting and, no doubt, named specifically the school he thought would be best for her. He told her, as all applicants are told, that the theatre took all its supernumary actors from that school and that she would have in that way a very good opportunity to acquire experience.

A course at a school of acting means three years of study and at least $500 for tuition alone. So that prospect for a girl who is trying to find employment to support herself looks costly.

If she has read her theatrical papers closely, she has learned that there are such things as agencies where actors find employment—a kind of sublimated intelligence office as it were. There are several of these in New York, although their importance in the field is not nearly so great now as was some years ago.

The better class of actors are never engaged through them. But the actors who go to the stock companies, who play in the minor travelling troupes and in the minor theatres about the city, find their employment by means of these agencies. So the determined aspirant, not yet losing courage, turned her steps toward one of these.

It was kept by a woman, who raised her eyebrows when she heard that the applicant had had no experience, put her name down in a book and told her to come in during the next week unless she heard from her.

The woman was as uninterested in manner as the stage manager. She seemed to take no earthly interest in what she was doing, and the aspirant ingenuously wondered how in the world the business ever prospered if it was conducted with so little enthusiasm. She did not know that this kind of thing was looked upon as an unprofitable necessity of the agency.

"Do you think that I'll be able to find something to do?" the applicant asked timidly. "I'm willing to start in any way."

"Oh, that's quite another matter," answered the agent. "If you're willing to go on as an extra or in a chorus it's much easier." She opened the book again. "Can you sing?"

Beginning at the bottom did not mean the chorus or "an extra," which in the slang of the theatre is a person that stands around but says nothing. So she hastened to correct that impression.

"No, I want to act," she interjected.

"That's acting," the agent said, as she closed the book and added, wearily, "you might come in week after next."

The agent had already moved the time for her call a week farther off. She heard nothing, of course, from the woman and went to the office. Apparently she had been quite forgotten.

She seated herself in an upper room while awaiting her turn to talk with the agent. The white walls were hung with a few framed photographs which she, even with the large acquaintance with mediocrities that come from perusing theatrical weeklies, could not recognize. There were two or three framed lithographs of well-known stars. Then there were long, highly colored posters announcing plays and actors that were all quite unknown to her.

Three women were in the room. One was old, dressed with an effort at style, but with every appearance of lamentable poverty. The aspirant remembered seeing her in the same seat on her first visit.

She spoke to nobody, read a newspaper occasionally and sometimes walked over to the door into the agent's room. But she made no effort to speak with her.

The two other women were younger, flashily dressed and painted. They were acquainted, and when the older woman once walked to the door, the two laughed. One of them caught the aspirant's eye.

"She's been here every day for the past two months," she said with a laugh, "and, of course, there's no use of her coming. There's nothing for her to do and she hasn't acted a month in the past three years. She just hangs around like this. Mrs. X. hates to have her put out by the police, but she's going to do it soon."

The agent, of course, had nothing for the aspirant except the possible chance of playing the smallest kind of parts in a stock company for $5 a week. That salary was out of the question, as the girl could not live on it and had to earn enough to support herself or go home. But in her eagerness she agreed to meet the manager the next day.

She came to the office, saw the old woman still reading her newspaper, and met the manager.

"Rather thought you'd average up better," he said, eyeing her with apparent disappointment. "But you might do."

Then he told her that she was to act the smallest parts, go on as an extra when she wasn't in the cast, learn at least one new part a week and get $5 a week.

"That ain't much," he said. "But it's a nice cool place to spend the summer in and I've got a company of pleasant, clean people that you'll find it all right to act with. You'll find it a very agreeable change after a long tour. What company were you with last season?"

Then he learned for the first time that she had never been on the stage. He was astonished, begged her pardon for taking up so much of her time, and told her he never engaged beginners. She was leaving, when he followed her into the hall and told her he might think of her for his company if she'd be willing to come for no salary at all.

She was hurrying out then, the tears of disappointment in her eyes, and only answered that she had to have a salary. She never heard any more from the agent and never went back, as the woman had practically told her there was no use in her coming.

"I could have placed you as a show girl this morning," she told the aspirant on her last visit, "if you'd been better looking."

She went to other agencies, and her experiences were the same in the end. Nobody wanted an inexperienced woman who had neither beauty nor money. She answered advertisements which were invariably the device of some swindler to get a few hundred dollars out of a stage-struck girl.

On every side there seemed to be a determination to force her into one of the dramatic schools. They, at least, she was told, would give her experience. But in her case that was impossible.

Six weeks passed in this fruitless effort, and she was no nearer the object of her visit than she had been at the outset. She had sat for hours in the agents' offices and she had besieged the office of every theatre manager in town.

She had rarely got beyond the outer doors of these places, but she had written them letters that must have made her name as a dramatic aspirant fairly familiar to them. And of all the persons with whom she talked, not one had ever asked her to do anything to show whether she was talented. She was not even asked to recite or show what sort of a voice she had.

The end in her case was, of course, the same that comes every year in so many cases. Her money gone, every avenue evidently closed to her and no means apparent even to her sanguine view, the girl went home.

She might better never have come. But only experience teaches, sad as the fact may be. And if there ever was a person in this world who has to learn for herself, it is the dramatic aspirant.

"There are many such cases every year," explained the manager with whom THE SUN reporter talked, "and it is probably fortunate for these women that they did not succeed in their plan of getting on the stage.

"Some of those that come every year may be geniuses. If they are, they will be heard from as assuredly as all geniuses in the past have been. If they were all beautiful, they would have no trouble in getting some kind of a start.

"But the stage is for beauty first of all, and the sooner all aspirants learn that the better. The plain little women may be bottling up lots of dramatic temperament and genius in their interiors. But it is the good-looking girl who is going to get on the stage first, and in all probability remain there longest."

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**Badges for Opium Smokers.**

*From American Medicine.*

A Government monopoly and a factory for the preparation of opium has been established at Fukien, China. Hereafter all opium smokers who wish to purchase the drug must obtain from this establishment badges which are of three classes, viz.: First, brass badge, which is for the Government officials; second, paper badge, which is for the gentry, and third, wooden badge, which is for the common people. On these badges are written the names of the opium smokers, their ages, their addresses and the quantity of opium they are allowed to buy daily, which is to be decided and limited by the Government officials and which cannot be deviated from at any time. The interest of Americans for this news consists in the fact that from the Province of Fukien come most of the Chinese of the Philippines. The *Manila Times* even thinks such a method of controlling the opium abuse in our new dependency should be adopted by our Government.



## AN ART NOUVEAU HOUSE IN TOWN.

**New York's First Specimen of a Kind of Architecture Popular in Europe.**

This city at last has a house built in the style called new art, a term applied to jewelry, furniture, painting and finally to architecture. In Europe such houses have been common enough for the past three years and the towns of Austria and Germany are full of them.

Near Düsseldorf there is a colony made up of houses of this kind. Some of them are naturally of a much more exaggerated type than this first New York specimen.

In some instances the façades are pointed in fantastic fashion, while the grotesque iron ornamentation returns to all the extravagance of the Middle Ages.

In France and Belgium this new style of architecture has been applied more liberally to commercial than to domestic building, although some of the residences put up in Brussels during the past two years are regarded as models of convenience. Problems of fenestration have been especially well settled by this style of architecture and the effect of the *art nouveau* on domestic architecture in the future will in all probability be made through these points rather than on account of its pronounced decorative characteristics.

THE "NEW ART" HOUSE.

This city struggled along for some time without any *art nouveau* house. There did not seem to be any special desire on the part of New Yorkers to reside in one of these new-fashioned abodes; and speculative builders, however speculative they might be, hesitated to go into this very original kind of dwelling.

The region on the upper East Side of town in which this first house was built is either Colonial or French in architecture, so any thing in the nature of new art must have seemed too great a contrast to the rest of the neighborhood.

But at last there came along a client with the courage of his convictions, who was willing to put up a house of this new style and now it adorns upper Fifth avenue. It is really an ornament to the street and the appearance of a few more of these houses would add an agreeable variety to the city streets. Probably more of them will come now that prospective house builders are able to see this specimen of *art nouveau* and realize that it is not after all, half so bad as it seems.

This house is built on an 18-foot lot and has four stories above the basement. That the rooms receive more light than usual is plain from the size and design of the windows.

The façade is of black and red brick. The black or Harvard brick, as it is called, comes from the tops of the kilns and has in recent years become very popular. It was formerly valued so little that it was thrown away.

At points in the decoration of the façade are groups of brightly colored tiles. These are also inserted in the stonework about the steps.

The ironwork about the windows and steps is made in fantastic designs that correspond to the scheme of decoration used in the tiles. About the large windows on the second floor, are stone tiles carved with figures similar to those in the ironwork and glaze tiles. It will be seen that no two windows are alike and each of the four stories above the basement is supplied with a different style.

# GOOD PREACHERS COME HIGH.

*A PROBLEM FOR CHURCHES WITH PASTORS ON VACATIONS.*

**From $150 to $350 Paid for a Sermon —And All the Sermons Not New, at That—Offerings Not Sufficient to Pay the Bills—Church Floaters.**

A man who is an authority on church matters made some interesting admissions to a SUN reporter.

"The big church in a city like New York," he said, "has other things to look after besides the saving of souls. That is the ultimate end, of course, but various are the means to accomplish it.

"The minister of a big church gets a big salary, and he must have one or more assistants. But the assistants do not take the place of the minister in the pulpit until late in the summer. The vacations of the big ministers usually begin early in June; in some cases before. It is necessary to fill the pulpit with a pretty good preacher for a few weeks, until the congregations begin falling off, and all pews become free.

"It is the part of the executive members of the church to arrange for preachers to fill in the few weeks with good pulpit talent. Sometimes these arrangements are made six months in advance.

"Now and then the supply for one Sunday is a man who is taking a vacation from his own charge, and he makes a pretty good thing of it for a Sunday or two in the city. Occasionally we find an excellent preacher out of a job, to speak commercially, and we engage him for one or two Sundays. But he comes high.

"A preacher in this age of the world is a bit of a financier. Any good preacher would act for his brother if the brother were sick, or made a personal request, but when the rector or pastor, as the case may be, goes off to enjoy himself and take a rest, and the vestry or the elders or deacons want somebody to take his place for one Sunday, or more, the temporary supply wants a good sum, and he gets it.

"I know one church whose rector goes away very early on account of his health. The congregation likes good preaching. For about six or seven Sundays after their rector goes away that congregation has to pay from $150 to $200 for a sermon.

"That seems like a pretty high price. It is a good price for the preacher, but the congregation is a wealthy one.

"The church wanted for one Sunday a certain man who lives at a distance from New York—three or four days' travel. The vestry offered him $350 to preach one sermon. Of course the offer was made on the basis that the minister would have to travel some distance.

"There was no reply to the offer for about two weeks. When the reply was made it was mailed in this city. The preacher was here on his vacation. The letter had been forwarded to him here, and he accepted the offer.

"He did not understand that the offer was made on condition that he make the trip especially, and, for that matter, what was the difference so long as the church got the sermon? Did he knock off anything because he happened to be on the ground? Not he. It was a business matter with him.

"Personally I did not blame him. But one of the vestry protested, and, when asked why, he replied:

"'I don't blame him for accepting the offer because he was on the ground, but I heard him preach the same sermon two years ago when I was in the city where he lives.'

"These extra prices for extra sermons are usually met by the men who handle the finances of the church. The offerings at this season of the year are not sufficient to pay the bill.

"In the case of the $350 sermon I happen to know that the offerings from six plates amounted to $14.90. The offering was not for any special purpose, and, while the congregation was tolerably large numerically, those present were what we call floaters. Never heard of church floaters?

"There are people who like to have it known that they are identified with a big church, but cannot afford to pay pew rents. One example will answer for a number.

"There was a family—that means a man and wife, or more—who went to a certain minister of a big church and told him they would like to have a pew. There was not a pew in the church for rent at that time. But the minister asked one of his ushers to accommodate this family whenever he could do so, until such time as a pew could be had.

"The usher learned that the people whom he took care of for six months said that they were formerly connected with another big church in the city. The usher knew the minister of that church very well, and meeting him one day he remarked in a sort of joyful way that he, the minister, had lost one of his families.

"It turned out that the minister never heard of the people. This set the usher to investigating, and then he learned that the people whom he had been looking out for belonged to a small, poor church away up town.

"They had been communicants at the big church, and had had sittings, as I have mentioned. And it was then noticed that their offerings were of the kind which the Rev. Dr. Parkhurst recently denounced.

"These people are the floaters. You may not know it, but I know that some of the big churches in this city have considered plans by which only those whose names are on the church rolls are to be considered as communicants.

"It has got to come to that in the big churches in New York. In one sense, it may not be in harmony with the Christian spirit; in another sense, the adoption of some such plan seems to be warranted."

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## MARRIED THE GIRL HE SAVED.

**An American Bride Taken by William Ogilvie, the Canadian Explorer.**

When William Ogilvie, who had at that time just resigned his office as Governor of the Klondike district of Canada, was on an Alaskan steamer, two years ago, he met Miss O. P. Richardson, a young American woman, who was going to meet her brother at St. Michael. The steamer stopped of that port and Mr. Ogilvie and Miss Richardson took seats in a small boat to be taken to the land.

A wave upset the boat and Miss Richardson, struggling in the water, would perhaps have been drowned if Ogilvie had not swam to her side and held her head above water until help came to them. This was the beginning of a little romance, of which another chapter may now be written, for the couple were married a short time ago at Paris, Tex.

All Canadians and all geographers know of Mr. Ogilvie. Sixteen years ago he began the explorations in the northern part of Canada that made him famous.

He was a surveyor in the service of the Canadian Land Survey when he took his his journey through the northern and little known wilds, covering a distance of 2,700 miles. This journey ranks among the notable feats to the credit of the explorers.

Ogi vie was away from civilization nearly two years and when he returned with many sheets of new maps and modestly told of his achievements, he suddenly sprang into notice in all geographical centres. He was specially honored by the Royal Geographical Society of England and later represented the Government of Canada in the Klondike. During the early years of gold mining there, with a small force of police at his command, he was the sole representative of executive authority.

He began his explorations in May, 1887, pushed for hundreds of miles down the Lewes and Yukon Rivers, then up the Tatson-duc, Porcupine, Bell, Trout and Peel rivers to the Mackenzie and then southward along the great system of lakes and tributaries in the Mackenzie basin until he reached Ottawa in 1888.

Most of our information with regard to the regions he traversed had been derived from agents of the Hudson Bay Company, who had entered the country only to buy furs from the Indians and whose geographical reports were far from accurate. Ogilvie was a man of scientific training, and this fact gave much value to his work and made it possible greatly to improve the maps of northern Canada.

He ascertained the altitudes of rivers and mountains, traced the directions of hills and ranges, offshoots of the Rockies, and made some entirely new discoveries. He found, for example, a pass leading from tidewater in Chilkoot Inlet to the navigable part of the Lewes tributary of the Yukon.

On his journey to the Mackenzie he discovered a hitherto unknown river over 200 miles long, which has since been named the Ogilvie River. He determined the place where the Yukon River crosses the national boundary. On one side of the river he blazed the letter "A" on trees and on the trees of the other side the letter "C" to denote that they were respectively in the territories of Alaska and Canada.

Most of Ogilvie's explorations were carried on in two basswood canoes built extra strong and weighing about 140 pounds each, so that two men could carry them without much difficulty. Each canoe carried two men and 1,400 pounds of goods. They transported Ogilvie and his heavy outfit over 2,500 miles along the rivers. He met a considerable number of Indians who had never seen a white man before.

Since that journey a large area of Canada east of the Mackenzie River has been explored by members of the Canadian Geological Survey; but nothing has been added to the maps of the region between the lower Mackenzie and Alaska except what Ogilvie supplied in his journey of 1887-88. The working out of his observations showed that they had been made with great care and had added a large amount of accurate information to the mapping of that part of Canada.